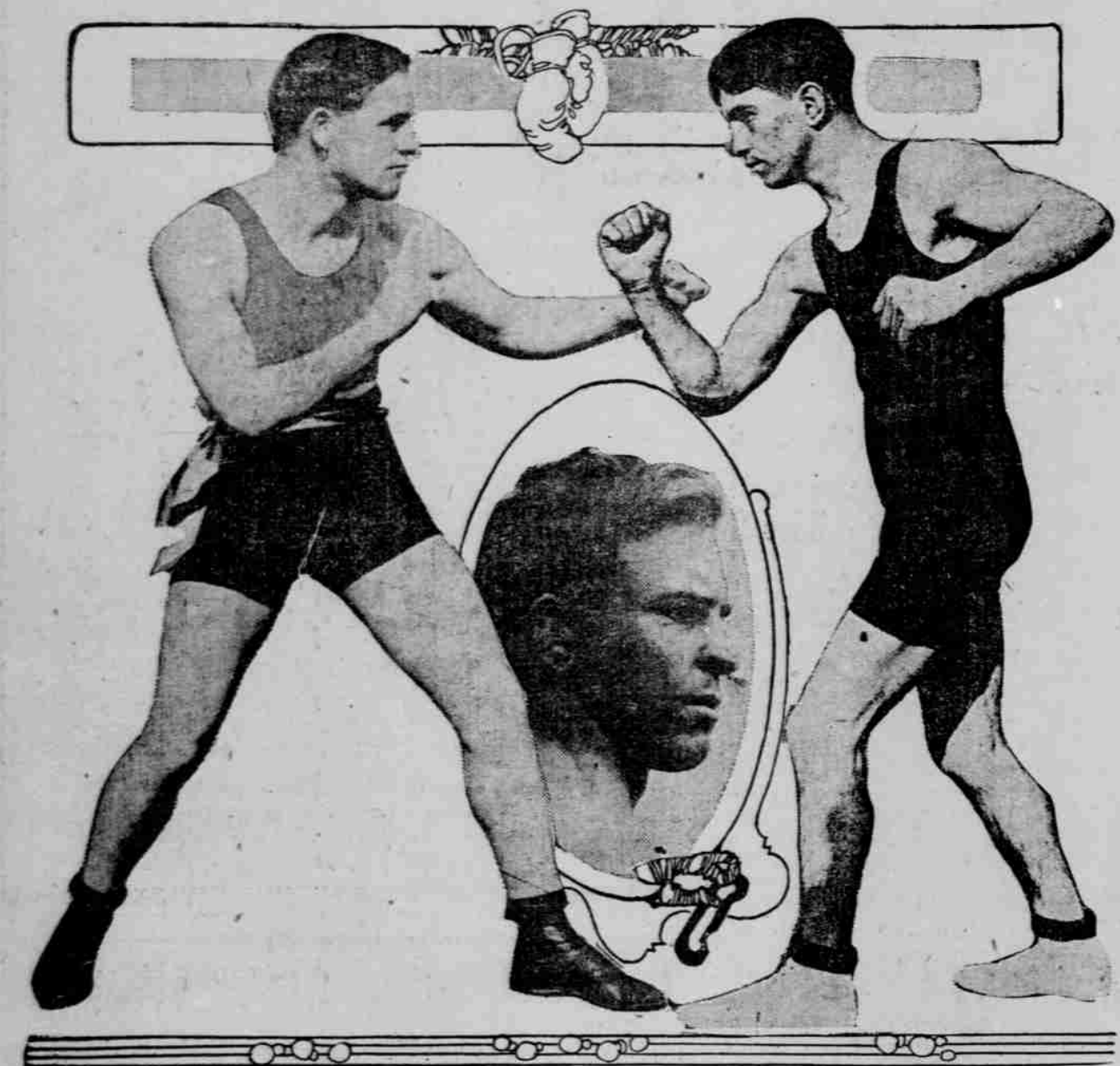


Battling Nelson Sticks To His Story That the Count Was Not Fair to Him



Is Slow to Take the Same
Medicine He Adminis-
tered to Others.

By W. A. Naughton.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 10.—Battling Nelson isn't prepared to admit yet that the last has been seen of him as a factor in pugilism. This is simply a specimen of the vanity that goes with the Queensberry temperament, for Nelson is no more like the Nelson of old than a worm-hollowed walnut is like one that is full of sound, whole meat.

Batt sticks to the story that the count was wrong when he lost to Moran, and the wonder is that he does so. In the first place, he should feel that such a course is unsportsmanlike. Aside from physical courage, there is a faculty known as moral courage, and Batt leaves himself open to the suspicion that he is somewhat shy of the commodity named.

He administered the "coup" to many an ambitious young fellow, and when it came to his turn to go down, it looks as though he should have said: "I've got mine and everything in connection with the ceremony was O. K. I've got enough to live on and in addition have built up a reputation that with careful handling will carry me along the footlight route until I become too old to show. I have no kick coming. Good luck to Moran, Wolgast and the rest of them, and here's a health to the game of the ring."

No Room for Argument.
Above all, Nelson hasn't even a splinter of a peg on which to hang an argument. There are cases when doubt is bound to exist, as for instance in the matter of that foul punch administered to Gans by Nelson at Goldfield. Even those who saw and could never have faith had their faith in their own eyes shaken if they listened to other positive fellows who saw otherwise. So

Moncrief's Get-the-Money Tactics Put Florida Racing To the Bad

(By Bert E. Collier.)

Chicago, Dec. 10.—From Tallahassee, Fla., comes an apparently well founded rumor to the effect that at the approaching meeting of the legislature an attempt will be made to hasten the enactment of the anti-gambling bill which was passed by that body two sessions back. Heretofore it was understood that the law in question was not to take effect until May 1911, but for some reason the lawmakers of that state now show an inclination to hasten the enforcement of a bill which spells ruin to turf interests not only at Jacksonville, but also at Pensacola and Tampa as well.

A close study of present conditions in Florida forces even the skeptical ones to believe the turf has no very bright future in that state, and to the management of Moncrief park, Jacksonville, is credit made due for bringing about the present chaotic condition of affairs. Advice from that track show that everything is being subordinated to the financial interests of the track owners. Nothing is too high handed or too raw for these people. There appears to be a deep rooted determination on their part to "get the money" and get it quick. Giving the public a chance is an angle they never apparently considered. The barring of the better class of turf correspondents from their track this winter indicates that the management is afraid to let clear-sighted, fearless men gain insight into the methods in vogue lest they enlighten the public and thus spoil "the game."

Add to this, the highly dramatic, yet exceedingly unpopular "Curly" Brown, whose methods resemble nothing so much as that of the czar of Russia, and it is quite easy to understand why the better classes, including the lawmakers of the state, want racing in Florida to cease as soon as possible.

Innocent Horsemen to Suffer.
The unfortunate angle to the whole tangle, however, is that a host of innocent horsemen will be forced to bear the brunt should a mandatory ruling looking to the almost immediate enforcement of the anti-gambling law be ordered by the legislature. Fully 2000 horsemen and a host of turf followers have been attracted to the several racing centers in Florida with the understanding that a 100 day meeting was to be held at Jacksonville, and a 30

Battling Nelson and his conquerors. On the left is Owen Moran, the plucky English lightweight, who has the distinction of being the only man who ever knocked Nelson out, while Ad Wolgast, who won the lightweight championship by defeating Nelson, is shown on the right. Nelson is shown below.

too, in the Jeffries dope matter. Many will say: "It's a silly excuse for a poor showing, and I don't believe a word of it." But who is there can say, "I know it isn't true?"

In this Moran-Nelson business there were 6000 or 7000 persons witnessing the thing. They saw Nelson after falling or being knocked down until many demands arose that the contest be stopped. They finally saw Nelson on his knees standing himself with his hands placed against the floor. They heard referee Selig beginning in a deliberate manner to count off the seconds in a remarkably clear voice. They heard concluding words, "Eight, nine, you're out," and they saw no attempt on Nelson's part to rise to his feet, it being fully two seconds before the Battler began to straighten up.

After talking with dozens of spectators I have seen no one to whom the circumstances appeared differently from the way I have stated them, and for that reason Nelson's attitude in the matter is not easy to explain.

When asked to box Owen Moran, it is said that Ad Wolgast named high figures and declared that he would not get around to the making of a match with the Englishman before next spring.

It seems to me that in a little while Wolgast will recognize that he cuts much less of a figure in pugilistic affairs than Moran does. It is true that Wolgast is nominally the lightweight champion of the world by virtue of that interrupted contest with Nelson on Richmond field, but Moran's performance with Nelson will be remembered when what Wolgast did to the Dane is forgotten.

After Young Corbett defeated Terry

McGovern at Hartford, some one remarked to the Denvetite, "You can't claim the featherweight championship because you are overweight."

"Never mind," said Corbett. "As I walk down the street people will say, 'There goes the fellow that knocked out Terry McGovern,' and that will be championship enough for me."

So in Moran's case. He will always be remembered as the man who first knocked out Battling Nelson in the orthodox way, and such a distinction will last him a lifetime.

Charles Harvey said: "Of course, Wolgast can't be knocked out by Nelson, too; but we know differently. The fight over at Richmond was stopped on account of darkness."

New, Harvey isn't sticking to the line of fact, for as all the world knows, referee Eddie Smith stopped the fight because he feared the effects on Nelson if he allowed it to continue.

Matters were left in such shape, however, that the spectators wondered what would have happened if Smith had not interfered. It is quite an achievement that there was not a chance for a legitimate argument.

Time May Reverse Things.

As the months roll on, the light will be turned on Moran more and more, and it will not be surprising to the writer to see Wolgast hunting Moran for a match, instead of Moran hunting Wolgast, as is the case now.

In England particularly a warm welcome awaits Moran. And little wonder, for after the way the British pride in connection with pugilism has been humbled, it is quite an achievement for a native of the tight little isle to crack what Billy Jordan described as "the hardest nut in the world."

Nella Jay came along and beat the brood filly off the reel off the track. After her Futurity victory, Nella Jay was not a successful race mare and she was retired to the brood mare ranks, of late being at Claiborne farm, down Kentucky, and she went to New York with the farm horses for the dispersal sale this fall. She is a beautiful bred mare, being a daughter of Jayhawk, 2:14.4, out of the famous brood mare, Paronella, by Parkville. Among others, Paronella is the dam of that wonderful old gelding Country Jay, a full brother to Nella Jay. Country Jay was a good race horse in 1901, but broke down that fall and for six seasons was supposed to be hopelessly crippled. However, like Jeffries, he "came back," but, unlike the California giant, he "stayed," starting in breaking records two seasons ago and was better than ever the past season. In 1909 he placed the saddle record at 2:08.1-4, and this season recorded a record of 2:05.1-4, at Kalamazoo, winning the fastest three heat race ever trotted.

No Announcement for Future.
No announcement has yet been made as to the future of Nella Jay, but the supposition is that she will be bred to the champion 2-year-old colt, Justice Brooks, 2:09.1-2, bred and owned at Drumore park, and winner of the 2-year-old division of the Kentucky Futurity this fall. Next season this colt will try to do what Nella Jay did—win the 2-year-old division of the Lexington classic.

Chicago a Horseman's Mecca.
Chicago is to be the mecca for horsemen this month. The stock show opened up the last week, then follows the harness horse sale at the stock yards, December 12 to 17. The stewards of the Great Western circuit will meet on Saturday, December 17, in the Great Northern hotel, and they will be tendered a banquet in the evening. The board of appeals of the American Trotting association is scheduled to meet December 6. The most important gathering, however, will no doubt be the meeting of the various state authorities in charge of stallion licensing and registration, on Friday, December 2, in the assembly hall of the Live Stock Record building, Union Stock yards.

This will be the first regular meeting of the association, which was organized last August by representatives of the seven of the 15 states having stallion boards. Dr. A. S. Alexander, of the Wisconsin college of agriculture, Madison, is president, and professor R. J. Kinzer, of Kansas agricultural college, Manhattan, is secretary.

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BEATING THE RACES HARD, BUT BEATING RIDER, GAME IMPOSSIBLE

Arrested Night Rider Tells
How the Crooked Work
Is Done.

(By Ed Curley.)

New York, Dec. 10.—Beating the horses is a hard game, taken from any angle. But when one has to play against the "Night Riders" system, the percentage is so strong that the player is a 1000 to 1 shot. For the benefit of many who do not fully comprehend what this term means, it may be well to say that it is simply taking a horse out of his stall during the dead of night, working him several miles at top speed, in fact sending him as far as he can go without falling down. He is then cooled off, placed back in his stall so that the trainer never suspects any trouble. The next day the horse is a favorite, for the marauders only pick out the stars, and he runs like a horse who has been a winner.

The public lets out a howl, the form players swear at the dope sheets. But the manipulators laugh in their sleeves. For they have the money. Two cases of this order that have a strike home are those of Acrobat and Ostend. The former was taken out, but the "night riders" were unable to get in their work. Ostend was given a second chance, and when the horse was taken back to his stall a band of police swooped down upon the marauders and arrested the two principals, Anthony Thomas and John Strobel, who were taken to Elmira for a month. Both have been released and in the following confession Thomas explains why several odds-on choices failed to live up to form at different courses.

Night Rider Confesses.
"When Strobel and I were arrested for 'night riding' at Sheepshead Bay," said Thomas, "everybody rose up and denounced us. But they overlooked the fact that we didn't do it for our health, but simply for a bookmaker who wanted to have a strike home on the player. Acrobat was the first horse we tried to fix. The day before he started I was approached by a friend of R. F. Carman, the owner of Acrobat, and a proposition was put up to us."

"Carman is going to bet a lot of money on his horse tomorrow," this person said, "and if you do Acrobat there's \$2500 in it for you. We agreed. That night, when everything was quiet, we went after Acrobat. We got the horse out on the track, but his stall companion a goat, began to make such a noise that we were forced to lead

him back, and Mr. Carman's friend was right there on the scene. The next day we were asked to take care of Ostend."

No Money in Sight.
"We got Ostend out all right. For three hours we ran him around the yearling course and when we led him back to his stall he was nearly dead. The second we opened the door of the barn, a band of 'cops' swooped down on us and grabbed us with the goods for which we did a bit at Elmira. During our stay in Raymond street jail the flier paid us a visit. 'Keep your mouths shut and there is \$2000 in it,' he said. We agreed, but never a nickel."

Worked in Canada.
"The real work was pulled off around the Canadian tracks. The first horse we worked was Turf Star. This runner was got on the Hamilton track through pulling a clever story on the track watchman. We galloped Turf Star five miles, and then spent three hours cleaning her up. The night was black and rainy, and it was a tough job. We had to be particular, for if there had been a sign of mud on her feet the trainer would have been wise. She was a three to five shot the next day and finished last. That trick paid us \$200. Stanley Fay was another three to five shot that we embezzled, and for that work we only got \$125."

I went to Buffalo, but in the meantime Strobel was busy, and managed to give the midnight gallop to T. M. Greene, Green Seal and Dr. Waldo Griggs. All of those were hot choices, and the regulars let up a terrible yell. But we only laughed, we got no coin."

Fake Failed to Work.
"Another time we wanted to take out Green Seal at Fort Erie, but it was impossible to get at that particular runner. This time the bookmaker's representative wanted to see the deal and came out to the course at midnight. He didn't know Green Seal from a goat, so we hustled and grabbed him. The chief of police, who knew our business, the next afternoon Green Seal was beaten a whisker. When we went around to collect they almost beat us. We couldn't make a haul, even though we got no coin."

"At Windsor we gave Creel a long ride at midnight, and he was beaten a mile. The papers got wise, and that afternoon I was arrested. There was evidence, but the chief of police chased me out of town. The game got so hot that we packed and came to the big city. And there is where we made our mistake. For they got us pat and we lived at the expense of the state for a year. Some day we will let the turf world know who these men were. In the meantime they can worry along wondering when we will speak."

Brain and Eye Must Work With Hands In the Billard Game

BY WILLIE HOPPE.

World's Champion at 18.1 and 18.2 Balkline Billiards.

In my two previous articles on the art of billiards I have endeavored to explain the correct way to manage both hands in handling the cue. The proper bridge was first explained. Then I told how to grasp the cue in the second article. I have already explained, therefore, two, once learned, the stroke will follow.

But the brain and eye must work in unison with the hands in order to gain proficiency and induce a consistent stroke. The proper bridge was first explained. Then I told how to grasp the cue in the second article. I have already explained, therefore, two, once learned, the stroke will follow.

What Stroke Means.
Stroke means nothing more nor less than striking the cue ball with such ease of motion that it will travel around the table with great speed, or a few inches only, according to the will of the player and the needs of the shot. Nothing else in the realm of sport is so easy to understand and so difficult to acquire. In baseball there are natural batters. Every good batter "gets into the ball," the form varying greatly. But no good batter ever "pulls away from the plate." In golf the successful player allows his club to "follow through" the ball in every instance.

Each player may have his own individual style, but unless he does these things he cannot be other than ordinary. So it is in billiards. With the exception of the "dead ball shot," the stroke in billiards is a "follow through." Sharp draws or short, simple ones, follows, angle shots of all descriptions, around the table drives and simple nursing shots all depend upon the "follow through" for proper execution. The cue must not halt when the cue ball is struck. The distance that it travels before being drawn back naturally at the end of the stroke, depends, of course, upon the shot itself. That is a thing that comes only with practice, just as speed and correct angles are learned after long effort.

Many Experts Use "Diamonds."
The diamond is a billiard table are placed for the guidance of players on angle shots. Many experts use them; George Slosson, who has challenged me for my 18.1 balk line title, is a notable example. But other great players, such as Schaefer and Ives, shun them by intuition. They knew the "diamonds" were there, but they learned to play accurately without particular regard to their presence. That feature was also a matter of practice and knowledge.

If the average player will toss aside his desire to count certain easy shots by his own bungling method, which scatter the balls and bring no results beyond the one count, and will follow the simple rules I have laid down regarding the three cardinal principles of billiards, he cannot help improving his game by many per cent.

Stroke, despite its many variations, amounts to exactly the same thing, whether the game be straight rail, balk line, three-cushion caroms or pool. The stroke of the pool player is best suited to the three-cushion game, as has been proven by the manner in which such fifteen-ball men as De Oro, Hueston and Daily have taken to the hard angled game. That, however, is more because of their knowledge of angles and the fact that the pool player is accustomed to using a hard force stroke, which is most frequently used—than to any other cause.

The balk-line player is liable to spoil his delicacy of touch by applying himself to three cushions. For that reason I have left the latter game almost se-

verely alone. But any balk-line expert can play an equally fine game of pool cushions if he is willing to take the chances of ruining his favorite game. As I have said before, the novice will do well to select the game at which he wishes to excel and stick to it. Intelligent practice is bound to bring results.

TWO ROSWELL MEN
CONVICTED OF MURDER.
Roswell, N. M., Dec. 10.—Ed. Barnard and C. E. Prather, on trial for the killing of D. P. Windsor, were last night found guilty of murder in the second degree. A boundary dispute caused the shooting.

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